

# How to Train Your Human

by Melusedek

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Summary: HTTYD taken from Toothless's POV.

## 1. This is Berk

A/N: Hey I'm back! I realize this took awhile to get out but school is a bitch and a half, plus I'm going to Chicago soon for an internship at a planetarium. All in all, life is busy, but you already know that.

For context, this is the opening of the movie.

Norwegian terms:

-Brannstifter (fire-starter)= Monstrous Nightmare

-Villsvin (boar)= Gronckle

-Dobbel-Ledet (double headed)= Hideous Zippleback

-Falk (falcon)= Deadly Nadder

\* \* \*

><p>Reisen clung to the top of a pine tree that bowed beneath his weight. In the distance his kin were doing a final raid on the human's before the snow blew in over the water. It was going well, the Villsvin managed to take off with some livestock while the Brannstifter, along with the Dobbel-Ledet, focused on keeping the humans distracted. The Falks divided their time between helping the offense and carrying smaller livestock.<p>

Reisen kept an eye out for Brannstifter, more specifically a lit Brannstifter. Because lighting themselves on fire and maintaining spent a lot of energy, it was a sign that the battle was not in their favor. After they lit the group had only a little while to clear out

or Reisen would have to step in.

There! A lit Brannstifter was climbing one of the several torches the humans lit. Reisen waited anxiously, unfurling his wings in preparation, the pine uncurling as some of the weight was relieved by the air in his wings.

The Brannstifter went out, meaning he, and the raid, were out of time. He let go of the pine, flying out wide and away from the village, cutting an arc so that he would attack the village from the opposite direction. Narrowing his entire frame, he shot like a bullet to the village, taking aim at their infernal torches. It was destroyed in spectacular fashion, though Reisen only saw a glimpse as he sped past it and around for a second time.

After his third time, he was just preparing to come around for what he hoped was his final time when suddenly he couldn't fly; he was in the air and couldn't fly. Luckily he had enough momentum that it carried him over the water to a thicket of trees where the forest began to thin. Crashing in to what seemed every branch and tree he finally came to a violent stop on the forest floor. It was then that he noticed that his arms and legs were bound as well.

Curling in to see if he could somehow fit his teeth over the restraints, he dragged his tail across the ground when a third discovery made itself known in the pain that shot through his spine to the top of his head, pain that rendered him unable to think.

Lying dazed, he finally managed to delicately curl his tail just enough so he had a clear view of the injured area. The site was so shocking he momentarily didn't understand what he was looking at. Then the asymmetry hit him and he gaped at his missing tail fin. It was sheared clean off, probably as he slammed into a tree, the only evidence it was ever there was the long bleeding gash, and its uninjured twin.

Reisen tenderly released his tail and set his head back, trying to think of a solution. He was effectively grounded. Even if he did manage to sever his restraints, he wouldn't be able to fly without his missing fin. Luckily, the pain caused him to pass out and he didn't awaken until he heard something crashing through the undergrowth.

## 2. Forbidden Friendship

A/N: The chapter that started it all.

Reisen (flight)= Toothless's name

Morder (murderer)= Stoick the Vast

\* \* \*

><p><em>Again.<em>

\_Again!\_

\_AGAIN!\_

Reisen clawed at the rock, scrambling furiously as he tried to find purchase. But, like the dozens of tries before, he fell.

\_Again!\_

Reisen curled into himself and, looking to the sky, he sprung, shooting like a bullet and rocketing upwards. Unfurling his wings, he pumped furiously, gaining height with each flap. But it wasn't enough and he slammed into the rocky sides of the clearing. Clawing furiously, trying to gain freedom, he fell to the ground yet again.

He rolled over and looked back, glaring at his missing fin. He smashed his tail to the ground, sending a bolt of pain through his whole spine causing him to cry out in pain that sent birds fleeing from the trees. The sight of the flying birds, along with his injured tail, only served to fuel his anger more and he let a sonic blast loose into the rock wall that prevented his escape. There was a small measure of satisfaction derived from seeing the rock crumble and the 10 foot crater still smoldering. He shot again at the ground and obliterating the grass and dirt to ash. The third one he shot into the air and incinerating the top of a pine. He was prepared to release a fourth but the sight of the sky, the white clouds, the blinding sun, caused it to catch in his throat.

How much he wanted to be up there, to be soaring through clouds, dodging rocks and snatching birds on the wing. Something in him kept calling; part of that was the Kongen, the King, but another part was the blue expanse that looked down mockingly at his broken form. It teased him. "You are a creature of the sky, not the ground," it seemed to say "without the sky you are not a dragon; without the sky you are a meaningless creature, devoid of purpose and of life."

He hated these humans. He despised how they took over the land, driving out the prey until him and his kin were forced to steal their flock. He hated how many of his kind have been killed for trying to survive, especially by the one with the flaming mane of hair, Morder, the one that had killed the most of his kin. Hated how they took him from the sky. When he escaped he would find who it was that had broken him and take his revenge tenfold.

A splash came from the pond, disturbing his thoughts and reminding him that he hadn't eaten since he was ripped from the sky. He got up and walked to the edge, hunching down and waited for a fish to come near. He saw an opportunity and plunged his head in, but the fish was too fast and he was left with a mouth full of water. He sat in confusion, not used to things being faster than him.

A pang of fear clanged in Reisen gut, a cold resonance that rippled through his body. He was going to die, either through starvation or through one of the two legged monsters finding him and killing him to parade around their nest like primitive beasts.

Dejected, he wandered to a spot still warm from the sun. He warmed it more with a low energy stream then settled down for sleep, curling his wings around himself and bringing his legs in to conserve body heat. Another reminder that he was in the wrong place: he was always cold. In the nest, everything was suffused with heat. He missed his

niche, the rock worn into a small depression and rubbed smooth, not too close to the opening to be eaten, but near enough to have an adequate amount of heat conducted to be comfortable. Twitching his tail closer, he closed his eyes and settled in for sleep.

\* \* \*

><p>The next day was filled with more failure. He was exhausted from constantly leaping and falling. Now, he was barely able to make it to the wall, falling to the ground when his wings gave out. His body was bruised and his wings were sore, the muscles close to tearing. His skin was raw and bloody from scrapping against the rocky surface.<p>

Slamming into the ground, again, he stood and let off another blast. Breathing heavily as he steeled himself, Reisen leapt off the ground falling short of the wall and landing near the water's edge. A fin flicked the water, catching his attention and he sunk his head in, furiously snapping at the food just beyond his reach, just like everything else.

A small crack. The sound of something falling across the clearing caught his attention. Looking up, he saw him, the human from the forest. Reisen wondered for a moment whether he was here to finish him off, but then he remembered how this one had set him free. Locking eyes, they stared at each other until the young male backed away slowly, not turning until he was well within the opening. Reisen couldn't see him, but he could hear the human boy tripping over stones in his haste to get away.

He continued to look where the boy once stood but he didn't return and Reisen returned to his jumping and falling.

\* \* \*

><p>Resting after another day of battering encounters with the rock walls of his prison, Reisen laid panting on the ground. He was exhausted from a combination of over-exertion, hunger and depression. Every minute he became more and more apprehensive that the boy would bring more of his kind now that he knew where he was trapped.<p>

He heard stones rubbing against each other and he flicked his ears; they were coming though the entrance. His worse fears had been realized and his heart surged with adrenaline. Sure enough, the boy appeared carrying a shield and, Reisen's nose picked up, a fish? Also, there was no one else. Nevertheless, he quickly ducked behind a rock, climbing up and laying low. The boy worked his way down awkwardly, trying to navigate the rocks while holding the shield and fish. Eventually he made it down and entered the clearing with the fish. Still no other humans had come. The boy was alone with food. Reisen silently begged that he would wander toward his hiding place. When he did Reisen prepared to attack. He wouldn't kill the boy, in return for saving his life, but the fish was his.

He saw his chance and came down from his perch, slowly approaching the boy as he did so. To his surprise, the boy extended the fish. Cautiously, Reisen opened his mouth, withdrawing his teeth so he wouldn't hurt the boy by accident. But then he remembered the gleaming tool and how it cut his restraints with ease. He extended his teeth and retreated. The boy opened his vest, revealing the sharp

weapon. Reisen prepared to fight the boy as he drew the blade but, again with the surprises, he dropped it to the ground then kicked it away into the water.

The boy was disarmed and he was offering him food, everything a human wasn't supposed to do. Reisen approached with caution and opened his mouth to get the fish. The human said something but Reisen was too preoccupied with finally getting a meal. Instinctively his teeth extended and he snatched the fish out of the boy's hands. He swallowed the large fish whole but his cavernous stomach wanted more and he turned to the human, sniffing to see if he had anymore food hidden away within his odd coverings. The human was babbling away as he sank down and against the rock. Not smelling anymore, Reisen regurgitated half of the fish, though his body wanted it all, and gave the customary half of the meal onto the boy's lap. It took a little while, and not without cajoling, but the boy did eat the thank you offering, if only a bite. No matter, Reisen would finish the rest.

The boy made his own odd gesture, splitting his lips and revealing his teeth. Since the boy complied with Reisen's custom, he was all too willing to engage in this human's rituals, however strange. He retracted his teeth, not wanting to offend the one who had just gave him food, and attempted to imitate the human; very odd indeed.

Then the boy extended his claw, a threatening gesture, a challenge. Reisen growled, his teeth popping out, and he glided to the other side of the clearing though it wasn't far before his wings gave out. His stomach finally had something to digest and he heated another patch of grass. A bird called from a nearby branch then flitted off, filling Reisen with envy and longing. He followed the bird's process as it flew until he spotted the boy sitting near him. Why this human insisted with his relentless behavior, Reisen did not know. He curled his tale around to shield him from view and he heard the boy scooting closer, too close. He moved his tail and glared warningly at the obstinate human. The boy got the hint and quickly wandered off. Reisen decided he needed a bit more privacy so he found a sturdy branch to hang from.

Just as he was starting to nod off, Reisen heard something scratching in the dirt. Blinking open his eyes, he saw the boy digging in the dirt with a twig. Curious, Reisen wandered over. The boy paused for an instant, but resumed his scratching as if nothing had happened. Reisen watched in fascination as what appeared to be random lines quickly turned into a likeness of himself. What fascinating creatures these humans were. They're killers but also saviors; destroyers as well as creators.

Reisen, inspired by the boy's drawing, ripped a sapling up from the ground and began drawing. Twisting and turning and spinning, soon the ground was scored with Reisen's work. Reisen looked at his handiwork with pride. The boy got up, stepping on one of his lines. Reisen growled. How dare this boy defile his work when he took care not to ruin the boy's? The boy continued to step on and off the line, causing Reisen to snarl more each time. Why wouldn't this boy take the hint? Eventually, though, he did. The boy walked over, taking care to not to defile any of his work. Eventually, either by accident or by design, Reisen couldn't be sure, the boy had made his way close to him. Reisen was surprisingly accustomed with the boy's closeness, something that caught him off guard.

But the boy reached out with his claw again. Reisen snarled a warning but he cut it short when he realized something. Perhaps this wasn't hostile. The boy could hardly hurt him with that sad excuse for a claw. Maybe this was the same as offering the fish, carried the same meaning. The boy took back his hand but held it out again, not quite touching, waiting for Reisen to decide whether or not to take it the rest of the way. It was Reisen's choice.

Reisen realized he had grown fond of the boy, despite himself and his initial fear. He realized that not all humans were ruthless killers; some of them were capable of kindness and civility.

"\_He needs a name,"\_ Reisen thought. \_"Not just boy or human but somethingâ€¦ significant, noteworthy."\_

Reisen closed his eyes and lightly touched his nose to the boy's claw.

\_Frelser.\_ Savior.

That would be his name. This human who defied his species, who saved him from the trap, who saved him from starvation, who saved him from himself.

### 3. Test Drive

A/N: So this one shot is officially a full blown work-in-progress fanfic. I have no idea when the next one will come out and I'm not going to pretend that I have some kind of schedule. I'll just write when I can/able and you'll get the finished product ASAP.

Spotte (hiss)= Terrible Terror

\* \* \*

><p>Reisen, with Frelser on his back, stood at the edge of a high cliff that dropped to the ocean. It was a windy day, ideal for their first attempt at flying after months of trial and error. Frelser shifted his weight, making sure his feet were secure in his stirrups and that his harness was firmly attached to the saddle. His grip tightened as he took in a series of short breaths followed by a long inhale and a measured exhale. Reisen went through his own start up ritual, shaking his head to release any knots, digging into the earth to ensure a firm take-off and moving his tail back and forth to make sure his prosthetic was firmly attached.<p>

Without meaning to, Reisen thought back to all their errors that brought them to this point. The hours spent painstakingly learning each position: Frelser learning what each meant for turning, altitude, etc and Reisen memorizing the names of each one. Reisen had to forget everything he instinctively knew about flying and make way for this new style. He had to not only learn the names, but how Frelser's weight shifted in accordance so he could properly compensate. The problem was this was all new for Frelser, so he wasn't consistent and sometimes shifted too much one way or the other, to the point where the spun off in opposite directions despite Reisen's best efforts. Through practice Frelser became more sensitive with how he needed to sit in the saddle and Reisen became proficient

at adapting to the little nuances.

Then there was the first time Frelser flew on his back and how his legs had become bloody from Reisen's scales. He didn't come back for a few days and it was weeks before he was healed enough to try flying again. He had used a saddle after that, which took some modifications to make sure Reisen still retained the full range of motion of his wings and adjusting to having to carry another body on his back but it worked well enough. The issue was the time delays set them back and it took some time to bring them to where they were before.

But it was the first time he had flown since his tail fin was sheared off that was foremost in Reisen's mind. Despite the fact that they ended up in the pond, that feeling of finally being free of the ground had kept Reisen going despite all their mistakes and was the only reason he was about to jump from this cliff. Even if he died at least he would die flying with thoughts of clouds and wind being the last feelings he would know.

Reisen focused in on the feeling of flying and shut all the other memories from his mind. Frelser spoke but it was the way he shifted his weight forward that signaled to Reisen that it was time. He spread his wings, flapping once, twice. Bending his legs, he dug in his claws and launched himself from the edge. For once heart-sickening moment, he felt himself free-falling but a gust of wind caught in his wings and lifted him forward and up until he was suspended above the water.

Reisen allowed himself a moment to lose himself in the ecstasy of finally, finally, flying when Frelser patted him. It was time to begin. After a moment of deliberating, Frelser called out the position and Reisen reacted accordingly. They carved out long, sweeping arc before righting themselves. Checking back to make sure everything was well; Frelser shifted his weight forward, propelling them down in a relatively tame dive. They pulled up about 20 feet above the surface of the water and headed toward one of the archways that sat off shore. Passing through successfully with all things intact, they slammed into a rocky pillar, twice before Reisen smacked Frelser to get his attention before it happened a third time.

Frelser called out the next position, Reisen's favorite: Climb. Frelser sat low and back while Reisen tipped up, clawing upwards with each sweep of his wings. Before long they were above the height of the rocks, in level with the clouds. Suddenly though, Frelser propelled himself back, forcing Reisen to slow lest they be pulled in a flip. Reisen paused, momentarily suspended, when he looked up and saw Frelser directly above him and not on his back. In the few beats Reisen gaped in surprise, gravity took hold and he began to plummet back to the earth. Flapping feverishly, he tried to right when Frelser sped past him, knocking his wing. The jarring collision coupled with the momentary closing of his wing caused an imbalance and sent Reisen into a sickening corkscrew.

Holding his wings out despite the wind that tried to force them close, Reisen began to slow long enough to Frelser to grab onto the saddle. Quickly latching in, Frelser pulled up. Reisen's wings caught the air, billowing as far as the thin membrane would allow. Through sheer, horrible luck they were heading toward one of the areas thickest in rocky outcroppings. For a horrible second, Reisen thought

he'd get his wish but it wouldn't be freedom and elation going through his head as he smashed in the unforgiving rock, but fear and the cold certainty of death.

The shift in Frelser's weight snapped him out of his trance. Reisen adjusted automatically, no longer listening for positions and only paying attention to the click of Frelser's pedals and the weight on his back. They dived and turned, with plenty of near misses that would have given both of them pause if they had any concentration to spare.

Frelser had unknowingly given full control over to Reisen's instincts, unconsciously noting the angle of his head and the tip of his wings and adjusted so as to give the least resistance but lending his weight when necessary. All the weeks of practicing coupled with the necessity of survival had cemented all the positions in his mind and he steered without conscious effort, furling and expanding the fin in synchronization with Reisen.

Less than 30 seconds later they were through the rocks and in the open air, each exhilarated by what they had just accomplished. Frelser stood and cheered, throwing his arms open in a release of adrenalin and emotion. Reisen shot a bolt of energy, flying through it as it dissipated into a thin fire cloud. Reisen enjoyed the warmth it temporarily infused but he made a mental note to reserve this behavior when Frelser wasn't on his back, noting his singed appearance when they eventually landed.

Reisen flapped a few times to pick up speed as they swept a wide arc toward shore, gliding the rest of the way. They settled on the rocky beach, Frelser gathering the collection of fish he had brought before they set out while Reisen started a small fire both for warmth and for Frelser to cook his food.

They settled around the fire's dancing glow and drew inward with their own thoughts on what exactly they just accomplished. They didn't have long though before a small swarm of Spottes surrounded them. Reisen growled a warning and gathered his food close to himself but one managed to steal a fish. Reisen snatched it back and ate it, sending out the jeering whoops used by pups to antagonize their fellow nestlings. To any adult dragon, it was a sure fire way to get your face singed. Sure enough, the Spotte prepared to unleash their bullet-like fire blasts but Reisen met it with a small energy blast that ignited the gas while it was still inside the Spotte. The Spotte tottered away, thoroughly defeated when Frelser tossed a small fish in its direction. The Spotte shook itself out of its daze and ate the gift. Being part of the lower hierarchies, Spottes weren't expected to offer back half of the fish. The Spotte settled in next to Frelser, though Reisen was too busy finishing his meal to notice or care.

They remained like this until just after the sun had set when the Spotte flew off and Frelser hopped on Reisen's back, landing back in the clearing. Despite the fact that the clearing could no longer contain him, Reisen and Frelser continued to use it. And with the knowledge that he was free once more, Reisen no longer thought of it as a prison. It was a sanctuary, known by only him and Frelser; their own private place, free from the brutish humans that populated Frelser's nest and the larger dragons that wouldn't be as benign as the lowly Spottes.



End  
file.